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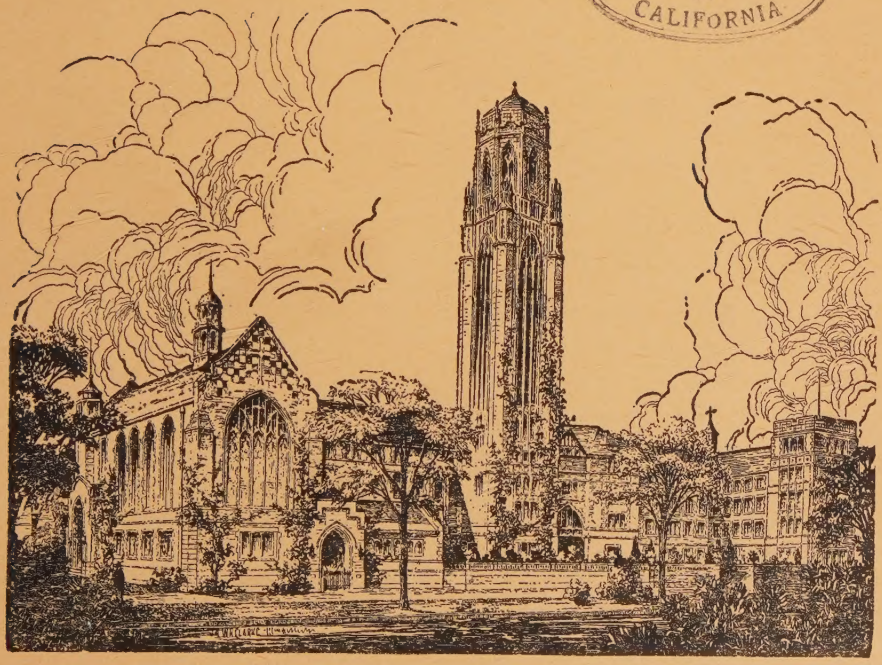

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Volume XVIII NOVEMBER 1928 *Number 4*

A Great Week

WHO will ever forget them—the scenes and voices of that great week from June 3 to 10? The new buildings graceful in line, beautiful in color, doors wide open in welcome; the odor of spring flowers everywhere; the processions winding in and out of cloisters and library and chapel, dedicating a building here, unveiling a portrait there; and everywhere crowds of delegates and visitors—such is the setting. Dr. Holt addressing the young candidates for ordination; Rufus Jones and Miles Krumbine leading the student conference; the graduating class kneeling in their consecration service and then rising to go out into the world; Doctors Köhler and Goodspeed making the Old and New Testaments relive; Dr. Duncan-Clark challenging youth to consider the modern newspaper as a field for Christian service; Dr. Morrison interpreting the changes in religious journalism; Mr. Dennis and Mr. McCormick portraying the life-struggles of Victor F. Lawson; the students presenting the play *Bread;* Dr. Dodd telling the heroic story of the circuit-riding parsons of the early days in the Middle West; Jane Addams and Graham Taylor paying tribute to each other in tones that tremble with deep feeling; Dr. Steiner in the rôle of modern prophet calling us to higher adventures in the spiritual life; Dr. Palmer sounding the same call to the young people of the Pilgrim Federation—these are but a few of the scenes and voices which still linger in our memories.

Scarcely a meeting but taxed the seating capacity and the standing-room of the new buildings. Here were delegates from the Congregational churches of the Middle West—sixteen states represented. Here were representatives of colleges and seminaries throughout America. Here were our neighbors of the University and of Chicago generally, and around and about on desks and mantels and banked in chancel and on platforms the flowers sent by fifty churches and individuals expressing their congratulations in terms of affectionate good will.

We had hoped to be able to publish the entire proceedings of the week. But the cost seems prohibitive and we have decided instead to use only such material as can be printed throughout the year in the regular issues of the REGISTER. So far as possible we shall preserve the unity of the various programs. In this issue, for example, we present the major addresses of the baccalaureate and commencement exercises and of the dedication of Graham Taylor Hall. In our January issue we shall carry the addresses of the theological conference, including those by Doctors Dodd, Köhler, Goodspeed, Jones, Krumbine, Duncan-Clark, and Morrison. In our March issue, we shall carry the remainder of the addresses to the limit of our space.

The Ministry as an Adventure

By Arthur E. Holt

The Ordination Address

To Joseph Jenkins, Alfred Bartter, Robert Kingdon, and Herman Johnson

THIS would be a significant occasion even if it were not the first of a series of meetings held in honor of the completion of a great group of buildings. Whenever a great vocational group like the American Medical Association, or the American Bar Association, or the National Educational Association, or the organized clergy of America open up their ranks to the novitiates of the oncoming generation it is a time to be made significant with words of wisdom and welcome, and to be dignified with appropriate ritual. At such times these vocations define themselves. It is a time for the defining of standards and the affirmation of loyalties. It is my privilege to speak in behalf of your older brethren in the ministry among whom you are soon to be enlisted as fellow-workers.

I welcome you to the guardianship of that sector of human welfare which has been assigned to the clergy of America. As the American Medical Association is the guardian of the nation's health, as the American Bar Association is the custodian of legal justice, as the National Educational Association leads in the war against ignorance, so the organized clergy in America stand to guard the spirit of the people against superstition, provincial and class loyalties, and all the malformations of mentality which come because man falsely answers for himself the questions, where did I come from, what am I here for, and where am I going. It has been at no small cost that the clergy of America have fought back the soothsayer, the idol worshiper, necromancer, the fanatic, the materialist, the one hundred per cent patriot, the pessimist, the atheist, the militarist, and all those other corruptors of a true and reasonable faith. The war has not yet been won; there have been terrible cases of desertion to the enemy, but the war is on, oh Christian Soldier, and it is worth fighting, and every victory which you win entitles you to membership in that league of people who deserve the gratitude of humanity. I invite you to share in the successes already attained.

You will share also the failures of all the clergy everywhere. You will soon see that you must do it whether you desire to do so or not. We are as strong as our strongest and as weak as our weakest. If any minister is lazy and wastes his time, we share it. If any minister avoids his debts and cheats his people, we share it. If any are captious and critical and conceited, the burden of their sins is upon us. If any have been self-seeking and have left the religious community full of factions and bitterness, we inherit it. We cannot escape the fate of the clergy as a whole, for our usefulness will be measured by that opportunity which is accorded to us because of what others before us have done. Verily the sins of your spiritual fathers will be visited upon you, my children. Be prepared for it. You are dealing with a law of God. Square your shoulders, face forward, carry on!

I welcome you to the task of making our calling greater and better than it has been—a challenge to be undertaken with humility but nevertheless to be undertaken.

May I suggest three specific ways in which I think you could improve our

calling and make it more effective? I believe first of all it would be worth your while to help reorganize American Protestantism so that the average Protestant clergyman could have a better chance to work. The unnecessary waste of the present system is indescribable. It constitutes one of the heaviest drains upon our profession, a burden which must be lifted or the Protestant clergy will break under it. As you go out, it should be a worthy adventure to so exercise your ecclesiastical statesmanship that each generation of outgoing ministers will have a better chance to labor.

I believe it would be worth your while to revive and restore to standing a sadly neglected type of parish ministry. We need ministers who can once more take the minister's calling outdoors, away from the maps and the charts and can deal with men with skill and insight. A few years ago, a certain gentleman of fistic fame met an opponent who in one blow knocked him over the ropes out among the typewriters of the reporters. In somewhat the same way the modern minister facing the depersonalized conditions of modern urban life has been forced into a retreat and has landed among the typewriters and the mimeograph machines. But the fistic champion to whom I referred climbed back over the ropes and staged a "come back," and I challenge you to take this vocation which cannot thrive on secondary contacts but must necessarily be a face-to-face relationship and restore it to its proper place. It is harder to reach some people than ever before. When the average minister approaches a modern apartment building he finds it one hundred per cent non-co-operative so far as religion is concerned. But the way out is not through the mimeograph and the typewriter. I believe that the way out is through a renewed type of spiritual ministry which will make the minister the skilled physician of the soul, who can restore to people through spiritual ministry the lost joy of life. We need more witnessing to religion and fewer sermons about religion.

Finally I believe there is room for you to do good adventuring in bearing witness against those social obstacles to a true spiritual and moral life. The minister does not occupy the only pulpit which proclaims a message. Industry has its gospel; nationality and race are proclaiming their standards of value. Some of them are shouting so loud that the voice of Christ cannot be heard. Let us make no mistake; the kingdoms, of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord and Christ, or the individual man and woman cannot live the abundant Christian life. The world will not be saved in single units alone. Group life of all kinds must voice the Christian spirit. As our ministerial group must conform to Christian standards so all groups everywhere, vocational, national, family, and race, must hear the voice of Christ.

And so in the name of your older brothers in the ministry, I extend to each one of you the right hand of fellowship, bidding you welcome to a great responsibility and a great privilege.

From Authority to Experience

By CHARLES S. BROWN
Representing the Graduating Class

THERE is a sound of going in the tree-tops; the religious world is on the move. In the minds of many of us, there has been considerable doubt of the destination. But some of the prophets of tomorrow are beginning to clarify their ideas on this matter. Herbert Parrish, in a recent book, heads one of his chapters "From Authority to Experience," and says: "It is happening in every aspect of human life. . . . . The boy graduating from school, leaving home, passes out of the control of such authoritative influences as he has been forced unwillingly to recognize, and into the light of experience where he must stand as an individual." Gerald Birney Smith, in *Religious Thought in the Last Quarter Century*, suggests the same line of thought by saying: "Part of the Christian church is insisting that the ancient attitude toward authority and the supernatural is essential to the Christian faith; but part of the Christian church is attempting to understand the Christian movement in terms of social evolution." That is to say: We are in a period of transition. We are leaving an old position, and we are seeking a new one. What is the old position? What is the new position? And when we shall have reached the new position, what will it give us?

THE OLD POSITION

The position away from which we are apparently moving is the position of obedience to constituted authority. This is true in all walks and departments of life. The authority of law has been called in question; and few today obey the law of the land simply because it is the law. They seem to prefer to take their chances of punishment, and test their conduct by their experience. The officers of the law, recognizing this fact, permit wholesale law-breaking in minor matters such as the city speed limit, and arrest offenders only when they act out of harmony with the immediate conditions of traffic. The authority of the home has been called in question; and youth in general is slow to accept the parental word when that word runs counter to the youth's experience. In the same way, authority has broken down in politics, in business, in social life. And most significantly, authority has broken down in religion.

Once upon a time, the church had real authority. It was, or at least it claimed to be, the body of Christ, founded by his command, and sustained and guided by his spirit. It held the keys of heaven and hell. Whatever it bound on earth remained bound in heaven; and whatever it loosed on earth remained loosed in heaven. It could determine right and wrong; it decided the basis of civic citizenship; it cast out of its fellowship such as did not conform to its standards, thereby robbing them of the rights of Christian communion and the larger rights of government. The church in those days had real authority. The Long Parliament of 1648, for example, passed laws imposing the death penalty for eight separate errors in doctrine, and indefinite imprisonment for sixteen other errors.

From that authority of the church we are turning today, to seek some better basis of religious living. The time is definitely past in most churches when the pastor can threaten his audience. At the first hint of threat, they leave the church, never to darken its doors again; and the absence of what the church has to offer seems to worry them not at all. Long

before the church can excommunicate a sinner today—even supposing the church would move to such an action—the sinner has decamped and is enjoying peace and contentment outside the church. The punitive authority of the church is dead. I am referring, of course, only to the greater divisions of Protestantism.

Once upon a time, the creeds had real authority. Creeds are the boiled-down essence of philosophical and theological outlines of thought. The constant attempt of every Christian apologist has been to show that Christianity is the final, the absolute religion. Now if Christianity is the absolute religion, then of course it has strong authority; and its creeds can be used to settle all disputes. That is, they used to have such authority. The ultimate court of appeal was the creed. Here and there today this authority is being jealously guarded and vociferously defended; but in general, it is dead or dying. Creeds have largely ceased to be forts behind which a shivering Christian can hide his trembling faith; they have become instead structures desperately in need of protection from the advancing legions of newly apprehended truth. They have lost their authority.

Once upon a time, the Bible had authority as the supernaturally inspired Word of God. It spoke, and that was the end of all argument. Its sentences might run counter to experience, to philosophical thought, to knowledge; that made no difference. Whatever disagreed with the Bible was wrong.

But biblical scholarship has done some devastating things to our ancient landmarks. Studying the Bible historically, we learn that every element in it has roots and a history; that all its teachings rest back upon earlier teachings as upon a foundation; and that the very words of Jesus were not all original with him. Studying the Bible in the same way that other books are studied, we discover very much in it which fails to agree with itself; so that it becomes impossible to quote it any longer as a book of all knowledge. The inevitable consequence has been to rob the Bible of its supernatural authority, and to leave it, minus its halo, waiting upon the tests of experience and insight for its vindication.

This, then, is the position which the Christianity of today is leaving behind. What is the position toward which we are moving?

THE NEW POSITION

The new position is one of experience. This past year a most significant book appeared from the pen of Charles Guignebert, entitled *Christianity*. In it, he has occasion to say, "The time has passed when constituted authority has very much weight, either in Catholicism or elsewhere. . . . . The time has come when every one carves out for himself, under the label of Christianity, a religion made to his own measure and to fit his own needs." That is it precisely. The new position is one of individual responsibility; it has all the faults and virtues of individualism; it is based upon personal experience; and it is the logical and inevitable outcome of the highly individualistic theology of the past century.

What are the characteristics of the experience toward which we move?

First, it is personal. It relates to individuals. It is my own, and your own, and his own. It does not stand off at one side and recite creeds; it gets right into life and walks around in it. The type of experience toward which we are moving is a personal experience of God, as He may be apprehended in a moment of spiritual insight, or in an hour of deep need and equally deep conviction; or in the common contacts of daily life, un-

stressed and almost unemotional. There are as many sorts of this experience as there are kinds of people in the world; the *Varieties of Religious Experience* are as manifold as the personalities that pass through them. But they have this characteristic in common: they are intensely personal. They relate directly to me, and to you, and to him. And when we have such experiences, we know that something vital has happened to us. We reach some sort of religious certainty, because the voice of God has spoken directly to us.

The field of religious experience is so much larger than it used to be. Once it was limited to specific and definite experiences: repentance, and conversion, and perhaps one or two other carefully restricted and defined high spots. Each of these experiences had to be approached in pretty much the same fashion by every individual. But how is it now? The church and the creeds have lost their power to keep us away from God. We approach boldly by all sorts of avenues. One comes into contact with God through business; another through study; another through some bit of research; another through music; another through nature; and so on. Repentance is still a real experience; but it is connected now, not with sin in the abstract but with concrete sins—this unkindness, and that dishonesty, and the other failure. Conversion is still a real experience; but it changes its garments a dozen times a day, and oftener. We seek, and we find God in experience. And that experience is intensely personal.

In the second place, it is social. The social gospel has been given the place of first prominence in the various departments of religious thinking; and people in all walks of life have been discovering that they are their brothers' keepers. There are a thousand evidences of this fact; but let me indicate only two of the most outstanding.

Consider the growing sentiment for world-peace. The hysteria of the war gave place to the hysteria of relief and reconstruction. Now that hysteria also is on the wane, and in the saner times in which we find ourselves the sentiment for world-peace is growing, not declining. It was not merely the horror-stricken reaction to the immediacy of war; it is the growing conviction, based upon social experience, that war is foolish and heathenish and stupid. It is finding expression in such practical expedients as the movement to outlaw war and thus remove it as a legal court of last appeal, and the American Legion's movement to provide for universal conscription in the event of another war. The former will render warfare an outcast in decent society; the latter will force the generation whose stupidity and hatred brings on the next war, to bear the financial burden of it, instead of shifting it off upon the shoulders of their children. It is my conviction that both of these movements are the reflection of the growing experience of this generation. Authority has always sanctioned war; experience will forbid it.

Consider also the growing desire for unity among the jangling, divided sects of Christendom. Their jangling is dying; their divisions are fading out, because they lay less and less emphasis upon past authority and more and more upon experience. Their social experience, briefly stated, is that the things that divided them are less important than the things which are drawing them together. Authority sanctioned and sought division; experience is beginning to forbid it. Shall we see the larger denominations begin soon to merge, both in doctrine and in polity? I believe so; and I shall welcome it when it comes. It is my belief that the merger is already accomplished in large areas, except for changing the names. All the Protestant denominations are shot

through and through with Congregationalism. Whether we want them to do so or not, they are uniting with us. And in like manner we are uniting with them. If we wish to prevent unity in the future, we would better insulate ourselves somehow; for unless we do so, others are going to catch the truth that is ours, and we are going to catch the truth that is theirs, and in time we are going to be drawn together. I personally would be willing to pay a very great price for this freedom.

The force which is working for world-peace, and for church unity, and for industrial righteousness, and for civic honor, is the force of social experience. Little by little, God is teaching his people. He speaks to them one by one; but also, he speaks to them in all the larger groups which they form.

In the third place, this experience which we are seeking must be capable of indefinite repetition. We are utterly impatient of a God who could speak to Moses but not to John Doe. We are weary of a Savior who could perform miracles once, but can do so no longer. For the world needs the Law of God today as much as in the time of Moses; and healing today as in the time of Jesus. Was there ever an answer to prayer? This generation will not believe it, unless prayer is still answered. Did God ever enter into the soul of a man, so that he could say, "I and the Father are one"? This generation will remain skeptical until the incarnation is experienced, not once but as often as men will fulfil the conditions. And we shall remain doubtful of the value of the life and death of Jesus until we ourselves have passed through the same experience, and have seen it result in the salvation of many. The experience toward which we are moving is a repeatable experience.

So the old authority is fading out; and we are seeking experience. When we shall have found it and made it our own, what will be the result?

A NEW AUTHORITY

The old authority of the church was the authority of our fathers' personal and social experience. They claimed what they did for their church and their creed and their Bible because they had found them validated and indorsed by experience. And we shall do the same. As surely as we achieve faith through experience, we shall embody that faith in new creeds. And those creeds will have authority until a new generation shall arise, to repeat the process. As surely as our social experience bears fruit, we shall invest the church with new authority; and that new authority of the church will endure until another generation arises which finds our experience too limited. As surely as we repeat our experiences of God at will, we shall invest the Bible with new authority; not as a dictated book of infallible scientific fact, but as the glorious record of human experience; and that new authority will cling about the Bible until its terms and ideas grow too small for the generations following.

We are abandoning the authority accepted by our fathers; but we are building a new authority of our own. It is based upon experience. This experience is personal, and social, and repeatable. And the authority with which it will invest tomorrow's church, and tomorrow's Bible, and tomorrow's creeds, is an authority which will endure only until it becomes oppressive, rather than expressive, for the following generations. Then they will do as we have done, and as we are doing continually: they will cast off the authority of our experience, and will seek the authority of their own experience.

The Escape of Christ

By James A. Richards

The Baccalaureate Sermon

Luke 4:30. "But he passing through the midst of them went his way."

HE HAS been doing it ever since. Again and again men have tried to capture him only to see him escape, to naturalize him into their set only to find him turning from them to humanity, to reduce him to their stature only to find him eluding them, to measure him by themselves only to discover that they must measure themselves by him. He passed through the midst of them and went his own way. He has been doing it ever since. He is doing it still.

There is the whole story of his life. Joseph and Mary wanted him at home, a comfortable village artisan. At twelve he began to pass through the midst of them to go his way into the business of a greater Parent. The village would keep him at Nazareth. He began his ministry by passing through the midst of them to go out into all Palestine. Men wanted to imprison him within the law. He came not to destroy the law but to fulfil. He did fulfil it. He fulfilled it to overflowing until morality was no more a Jewish legalism but wide and deep as humankind. They would shut him into their political aspirations. Many would have crowned him if only he would consent to that. He would render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's, and the things belonging to God he made so much greater than the things belonging to Caesar that he passed through the midst of them and went his way to greater meanings than their politics could dream. They would imprison him in their theology. He climbed all the heights of their best teachers and then passed through the midst of them to go his way into a cosmic significance. They would shut him within their nationalism. He had a patriot's special tenderness for the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but he never touched its borders that his concern did not flow across those borders. The Jews of Nazareth paused and recoiled from casting him down from the brow of their hill. The Jews of Jerusalem did not long pause. They thought they knew one way to shut him in, one place to confine him. So they crucified him and he was buried in the rock-hewn tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. But they were wrong. "He passing through the midst of them went his way." And he is going that way still.

It is the story of the Palestinian years. So is it the story of all the following centuries. Greece laid hold of him. He was acclimated to the genius of the Hellenic mind. No doubt they felt a genuine necessity. Each culture must think in its own concepts and speak its own language. But the mistake was to think that their work was final. He was nicely adjusted to their metaphysics, their mysteries. He seemed to be captured in creeds like the Athanasian and the Nicean. The process had its uses. It is always a real service to make religion respectable to the thought-world of the day. But they were deluded about their finality. They failed to read the meaning of their own difficulties. Presently, "He passing through the midst of them went his way." He has a greater place in the world's thinking than it was possible for them to imagine. He transcends both the Greek concepts and the Hellenic language.

Rome took her turn. Her gift for organization was put at his service. The

service was real. It built the church in power. It evangelized all the forests of Europe. It bred heroes for whom the world can never be too thankful. But these missionaries on whose labors our own faith is founded carried something greater than they knew through the trails of the Gothic forests. Jesus could be shut up in a church no more than he could be shut up in Nazareth or Palestine. He could use Rome and still does use Rome. But he could not be shut up in its ceremonies and its hierarchies anymore than he could be confined in Grecian ideas. He burst the bonds, passed through their midst, and went his way.

It has always been so and is so still. Men still attempt what Israel, Greece, and Rome have tried and still fail as they have failed. Protestant churches try what Rome tried. One and another says, "We are the true and only church, or at least we are so much better than all others that our part is to subdue and absorb all others and appropriate their greatness to ourselves." In city, village, and countryside denominational welfare is exalted above the welfare of his kingdom. Church unity is interpreted not as brotherhood but as "joining us." But it can't be done. He passes through their midst and goes his own way and from the open country he looks back in sadness and condemns sectarianism as a sin against his very heart.

Modern thought-forms make the same attempt that Greece made. Fundamentalism and modernism face each other in deep distrust. Their acrimony fills the land. Each tends to say, "Jesus belongs all to us, not at all to you. Here is the true and only Zion." But he passes through the midst of them and goes his way and from the larger spaces speaks back to all of us words that go deeper and higher than any of our schools of thought. "Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall by no means lose his reward." "He that willeth to do the will shall know of the doctrine." "This is the great commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy all, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Here hang all the law and the prophets." "He that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it."

Modern economic systems take their turn. I opened a book and found inscribed on one of its first pages his words in the temple, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The word business was in italics. The effort was to make it precisely equivalent to the modern business system. I turned the pages. There were many references to Jesus' teaching about service only to try to identify it with the use of the term "service" in modern business. I rejoice to believe ethical standards are rising in many areas of the business world. But the effort seemed to be to murder the distinction between the utterly disinterested, sacrificial service that Jesus exalted and the service whose deepest motive is often nothing but the competitive scramble and most private gain. The endeavor was to pare Jesus down to the measure of things as they are and steal his benediction for the rampant practical materialism of New York and other places. "But he passing through the midst of them went his way" —to the mines where men too often labor in hourly peril far from the light of the sun only to return at night to hear their children cry for bread, to the sweat shops where womanhood is dishonored, to such places of trade as are filled with men whose ambition is all to get and not at all to serve, to such homes of finance as hear the ring of gold above the wailings of humanity, to such paths of commerce as seek to exploit and not at all to redeem! And from the Christ out there the voice

comes floating back, "He that is not for me is against me."

Races try it as did the Jews. An Emperor cries, "Gott mit uns," or, "Ich und Gott," and mankind shivers at the blasphemy. But when the mists begin to clear one looks almost in vain for a government that has not tried to drag religion a captive behind the chariot of a selfish nationalism, or a nominally Christian nation that has not tried to acclimate Jesus to its selfish ambitions. We talk of "Manifest Destiny" as if it were written in the Sermon on the Mount instead of talking about the Sermon on the Mount as being manifest destiny. "But he passing through the midst of them went his way." You can't make Jesus into a German, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an American. He is beyond us all. We have got to make Germans and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Americans into the likeness of Jesus.

He passes through the midst of us all and goes his own way. From beyond us and above us, across differences that are still almost infinite, he looks back on our theologies and ecclesiasticisms, our cultures and sectarianisms, our economics and our patriotisms. However precious are the ties that unite him and us your task is not to preach a neat, comfortable, adjusted, little gospel, but to stress the difference and the distance between us and Jesus and his God. A new appreciation of the otherness of Jesus and the otherness of God is the great need of the present hour. He still escapes us.

And yet, and yet, like some in Galilee, we do love him. We must pursue him out into the great spaces of his new world. The fact of Jesus is still the greatest fact there is in the universe. We cannot trim him down to fit into our pettiness. That is to crucify him once again. We must remake ourselves and all humanity toward his immeasurable, mysterious mind and heart. Then he will no more pass through the midst of us and go his way, for our ways will be his very own.

The Appeal of Faith

By WILFRID A. ROWELL

The Commencement Address

THE religious leader of today is greatly perplexed. By education and tradition he has been equipped with a divine message to be used for leading men to the immeasurable riches of the soul and the secret of the meaning and purpose of life. This religious leader, carrying out the principles of the instruction of his teachers and using the results both of his experience and his insight, is confronted with the cold and distressing fact that the Appeal of Faith receives very little attention. The messenger seems to be a voice crying in the wilderness. As he seeks to get to the bottom of the trouble he reflects on two facts in relation to this religious appeal to men. One is the failure of the old appeals which in their day seemed to be successful. The men of today are unmoved by appeals to authority or fear, to the church or the Bible, to a sense of sin or a sense of duty.

The other observation is that the modern substitutes for the old appeals are proving to be as ineffective. For a time it looked as if the appeal of "Be good and you will be successful" was going to sweep men into the Kingdom of God. It was an appeal that touched

the American business man in a vital spot. The purpose of religion was to help men to be successful in business. If men would listen to the call of religion, business could not fail and the bank clearings would mount up with wings as eagles. Religion would pave life's pathway with golden bricks and place a jewelled crown on every brow.

The religious leaders of today, recognizing the failures of the old appeals and the way in which the new appeals leave men cold, are praying and seeking for the appeal which will arrest the attention and win the response which will produce the promised fruits of the spirit in the lives of men.

In the first place, the Christian faith of today must make an appeal to man's capacity and desire for adventure. If I read the Gospels aright, the first appeal of Jesus was not a direct religious appeal but an appeal to adventure. He said to the men he wished to make his disciples, "Come ye after me and I will make you to become fishers of men." To men adventurous by nature and daring by occupation he held out the appeal of greater adventures in a new and untried realm of life. In his repeated summons to men, "Come and follow me," Jesus never gave any detailed picture either of the way they were to go or the final goal of their journey. Once started on the new life, Jesus declared that the way was beset by hardships which would necessitate sacrifice and dangers which would demand heroism. In making this call, Jesus appealed to the very best in a man's character. But how great were those potential qualities of sacrifice and heroism, no man could know until tested by the demands of the hour.

The very difficult thing is to have the courage to be true to Jesus' appeal in this age. It is a time when in every realm of life, human effort is lessened by the use of machinery. We are making great progress in taking life painlessly from birth to death. Life is well padded, cushioned, and oiled. The greatest skill is employed to take the jars out of life. And the challenge of Jesus without excuse or fear summons to pain, hardships, and heroism. As we face the facts, can the religious leader do less than make the same appeal that Jesus made? The encouraging fact in the situation is that the men today who are living most dangerously, running the greatest risks in the face of death and possible failure, are the men who are stirring the imaginations of men all over the world. The men who make the ocean and polar flights, the scientific experimenters in search of truth, reveal that the fearless and heroic qualities of life still exist in many men. Something of those qualities lie at the heart of multitudes of other men and women. There is possible an appeal to these high qualities for the Kingdom of God far outreaching the appeal of aviation, geography, or science. Let the messenger of Jesus make that appeal. Let him with a new faith in man and in his message appeal to the best in men. Will this new note meet a new response?

A second possible new approach to men with the old gospel of Jesus is by making a more direct appeal to the religious instinct. A fresh analysis of Jesus' appeal to the men of his day reveals a direct appeal to their religious instinct. He passed over the old appeals of his day to the law, or the synagogue, or tradition and brought men face to face with God. That contact with the Infinite and Living God produced a cleansing and vitalizing experience. Jesus stirred the emotions with an appeal to the bonds of affection that bound every man to his Father. Habitually he talked of religious experiences in terms of human love, friendship, and feeling. Into that appeal he poured all

the fervor of his own loving heart. There is much left out of the Gospels in their picture of Jesus. But the element most lacking is that which can never be transferred to the printed page. It is the intensity of the utterances of speech and the glow of emotion. These things added to truth alone can make its appeal to the heart and the soul of man.

This stirring of the religious instincts comes only vitally and lastingly by one whose own religious instincts flow like water from an artesian well. Perhaps here is the reason for the failures of many modern religious appeals. The appeal has not been primarily religious. Or if it has been religious it has been an appeal from theory and not from life. The religious leader of today must not be afraid to make his appeal with an earnestness and an emotion that will first of all express the mighty feelings of his own soul. The truth is, we are tame and commonplace in our appeal because we have not been stirred ourselves or we are afraid to express all we feel. There is much talk in the world today, but the best talk, the most appealing talk, and the most moving talk should be by those who are telling the story of Jesus and his plan of life.

A few weeks ago I talked with a layman who was a regular attendant on services of worship. I asked him what he wished to get from a service of worship. He replied, "I want to get a spiritual bath. But I do not often get it." His feeling was that the service of worship lacked in the notes of joy, light, and spiritual energy which stirred the religious emotions and produced a sense of cleansing. Here is the revelation of the old sense of sin and a need of salvation, expressed in terms of another kind of experience. It may be that one reason why some people do not attend services of worship is because they have not had such an experience and never knew anybody else to have it. But in other acts, commonly regarded as non-religious and by many as irreligious, they do find a certain kind of mental and physical cleansing and renewal of power. It was this experience that Micah expressed as he declared God's requirements: "To do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." This lies at the heart of Dr. William Adams Brown's experience of finding in prayer not a religious duty but a creative pleasure. The cleansing of life is sure to come from a right contact with God. Mrs. Hermans wrote, "The Church's greatest problem today is not how she may adjust herself to the environment of a new age, but how she may adjust herself to her eternal environment. Before she can effectively lead holy crusades she must recover her sensitiveness to her Lord's touch, her sympathy with the moving of His mind."

A third approach to the religious needs of our day is the appeal to the Creative Vitality of a holy life. All Christian history, theology, and institutionalism find their essence in the holy life of Jesus. The one undisputed article in the universal creed of all Christians is "He went about doing good." He did good, because he was good. At the heart also of the Christian's understanding of the meaning of Jesus' life and teaching for himself is the conviction that all is summarized in the holy life.

In these days of the revival of paganism, the growth of materialism, and the glorification of license and indulgence, there is a need for a reinterpretation of the holy life. In the moral chaos of modern life the unrestrained will of the individual is paramount and the tendency is to take as valid and final each man's own idea of goodness for himself. But we need a new definition and glorification of modern sainthood. The medieval saint took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The

dominating desires of modern life are for prosperity, indulgence, and freedom. We have yet to outline the more holy holiness of a right use of money, family life, and individual freedom.

In making this fresh appeal to the holy life there are some specific approaches that should be emphasized. One is that the holy life still appeals more than any other one thing in arousing the religious forces in men's lives. Jesus won men to the higher life by the holiness of his own. When St. Francis wished to win men to the holy life, he did not preach them sermons. He practiced in their presence the acts of prayer, sacrifice, and humility. He demonstrated the value and the power of self-control. He taught his followers humility by lying on the ground and compelling them to step on him. He inculcated self-control by requiring them to insult him. He found "perfect joy" in taking insults and injuries in the spirit of forbearance, patience, and forgiveness.

All this seems clearly to indicate that the best appeal of a good man is his own goodness. In the long run his most vital source of spiritual influence will not be his sermons about the goodness of Jesus or the holiness of the holy men of history or even the Goodness of God. The power of his appeal will grow out of his own holy living. In other words, a man's most effective gospel is not the gospel of the New Testament, but the gospel of his own life. The most effective good news is the story, untold, but lived, revealing what the spirit of Christ can do with a consecrated and surrendered man. Goodness created by that touch of God through Christ arouses the fires which in turn enflame the souls of others. "One loving heart sets another on fire."

These appeals are directed to the vital energies of life and as such they become spiritually creative. The appeal to adventure and heroism is a challenge to the expenditure of all that is best, most sacred, most valuable in human life. The appeal to the religious instinct is able to set in operation unseen and unsuspected forces of growth and spiritual development. The cleansing baptism of the Holy Spirit is able to produce a sense of cleansing regeneration. The call to the holy life is able to produce an enlargement of all the sympathies and convictions which in turn become an increasing creative energy of the spirit. Altogether these approaches to the religious needs of man's life give promise of a fresh sense of spiritual reality, moral growth, and religious power which can and will renew and re-create the spiritual life of the individual and the church.

The Pioneer Work of the Church

By JAMES MULLENBACH

WE HAVE come to that hour in this week of the dedication of these buildings when that portion designated as the Graham Taylor Hall is to be signalized by special commemoration of the service of Graham Taylor to this Seminary, to this city, to this country, and to the Kingdom of God and Mankind.

The keynote of this hour is to be the exaltation of the Pioneer in Social Work of the Church.

The heroic age of our history is the pioneer age, the mastering of the wilderness, the pushing of the frontier ever westward—till no frontier remained—except the artificial one in Hollywood.

But not only for America but actually

for the world the heroic age of exploration has passed. The flight of Lindbergh and Byrd, of Amundsen and Nobile, of the German Irish flyers, and now the Australian expedition across the Pacific marks the end of geographical pioneering. What today is a matter of front-page interest in the papers will tomorrow be commonplace.

There still remain two great regions which invite the human spirit to ceaseless adventure. One is the field of science. The other is the field of social exploration and endeavor. It is the challenge that lies before every earnest soul, whether man will prove equal to the control and direction of the forces that his scientific discovery places at his service, whether man shall be able to set up a social order that shall measure up to the standards of Jesus by establishing a kingdom of God on earth wherein righteousness and peace shall reign, and where there shall be "none to hurt or make afraid."

It is within this region of human interest that the mighty call for the future is to come. It is a challenge that will appeal especially to youth—because in that direction lies difficulty, and danger and even martyrdom. And there is something within the heart of men and women that answers to that call when it is clear, assured, and genuine. It is the call of the pioneer to break through another wilderness and make straight the way of the Lord.

In this hour of commemorative triumph of one of our great social pioneers I would have us appreciate in our exultation that social pioneering makes demands upon courage, self-sacrifice, and patience equal to that in any other field of heroic endeavor.

In a paper in far-off Australia appeared this little tribute by an unknown author which expresses better than anything else my thought:

We shall not travel by the road we make;
Ere day by day the sound of many feet
Be heard upon the stones which now we break,
We shall be come to where the cross roads meet.

For us the heat by day, the cold by night,
The inch-slow progress and the heavy load,
And death at last to close the long grim fight
With man and beast and stone; for them the road.

For them the shade of trees which now we plant,
The safe smooth journey and the final goal,
Yea, Birthright in the Land of Covenant—
For us day labor, travail of the soul.

And yet the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us, the Master-Joy, O! Pioneers!
We shall not travel—but we make the road.

Graham Taylor—A Tribute from the Alumni

By J. W. F. DAVIES

IN THE dedication of Graham Taylor Hall the alumni of Chicago Seminary are very happy. This is a tribute to their old teacher. Not because this is a building well built, not because of its artistic beauty, not because it is associated with other buildings in this seminary and the University of Chicago, not because the alumni have given money to this Hall, not only because of these things, but because this Hall is a tribute to a living personality who *lived what he taught.*

Some of us saw in our comrade a pioneer who did not fit into other men's molds. We went with him, as he cut new trails in society, as with fearless courage he wandered with some of us into the

wilds of social life and led us out into a strong faith in the common man.

He put us in touch with all kinds and conditions of people and helped us discover that all were brothers. He led us out of cloistered walls, to the seaside of the world's commotions. He stood with us at the corners where the workers of the world passed by and shaped our spirits to help carry their load.

We saw him suffer and the sorrow bring sweetness into his spirit. And when he worked to give little children a chance to play in safety we were reminded of the Christ. We heard him plead with men to cease their strife and work like brothers to make on earth the Kingdom of God.

We watched him at bay with the gray wolves in the city council, who took the blood of the people, and saw him gather young men and lead them to the rescue of better government for our city. We knew that he sweat under the wrongs of others and had not peace of soul until he had done what he could to set them right.

Dr. Taylor was unafraid. He took his family from the boulevard to the densely populated district of a cosmopolitan people who needed a neighbor to interpret the ways of a new land, to help the foreigners to the ideals of American life.

He had the moral courage to back a little struggling church, unafraid to look for the good in men. He was ready to back a second-rate man who had a chance of election as against a good man who had no chance from the beginning and then used his influence to help the successful lesser man become of greater worth to the community. He had the nerve to speak the truth and lose financial backing for his own enterprise and then place a mortgage on his household furniture for his faith in his enterprise.

To his students, Dr. Taylor was an interpreter of people. He took us to the lodging houses, to the police court, to the county institutions, to the settlements, to the Juvenile Court, to the County Jail, to Chicago's playground, to "Little Hell," to the churches—from the little struggling mission in an untempting building to the great Polish cathedrals with all their splendor—to the Apollo Club singing the Messiah to fashionable Chicago, and to the midnight service of a little Italian Catholic church on Christmas Eve, where hundreds of working men stood in silence through the service. He sent some of us with the visiting nurse into the homes of the Italians and Greeks. With the children from the tenement districts he packed us off to conduct camps. He took us through industrial plants and stood with us on the corner of Halsted and Division to feel the heart throb of the workers of the world as they walked by to save carfare. He was trying to interpret to us other people that we might understand them and appreciate how they lived.

The more we saw of the ordinary man making the best of his situation the more we wanted to take off our hats to him, no matter what his race or color.

Yes, and he helped us see much of the cruelty of the church as an institution. We saw how it had wronged people it thought it was helping, we saw how it could think of the individual and forget society; and then as he realized the need of trained workers to help people solve their own problems, he organized his school for training social workers. None of us will ever forget how Dr. Taylor would come into the classroom direct from some rich contact with human experience or as a mediator between conflicting groups, giving us experiences out of a real world. Time and again there come problems in our ministry in church and social service, which cause memory to flash some of those experiences which

he shared with us and bring a help that neither he nor we could have guessed.

There were high moments in which we felt the throb of the universe. We were snatched out of books to become sympathetic with people. It may have been some heart-rending story, it may have been his flaying of some mean politician, or a minister who had run amuck, it may have been the lack of a playground for little children, or the spirit of God evidenced in the life of some business man. Whatever it was, we listened and shed tears in our hearts, or boiled with rage, or felt the beauty of life.

We saw his appreciation of people through companionship with him. I remember an accident that put him on crutches. As a street-car conductor gave him kindly greeting, telling him to take his time, he would say, "Wasn't that thoughtful of him not to hurry me?"

A one-time resident of the Commons was making his way along the railroad track to make a call on the man in the tower. No one knows how it happened but he was struck by a train. It was then we saw Dr. Taylor suffer more than the sufferer.

No one of us can ever forget the Thursday nights before Good Friday, how in the Upper Room of the Commons he led us in the mystical Lord's supper. Men from every walk of life dropped in silently and not only partook of the elements, but caught a portion of his spirit.

Perhaps it was to an Italian family's home to which he led us for Christmas Eve to listen to an Italian mother tell the story to her children and we sat as entranced as he. These were high scenes in the common ways of life that made life uncommon, when he taught us to love the simple things and the simple ways of men.

His catholicity of spirit was our admiration. He could be friends with men of every race and every religious creed, providing first of all the man was a man. He helped us deplore the differences which separate people.

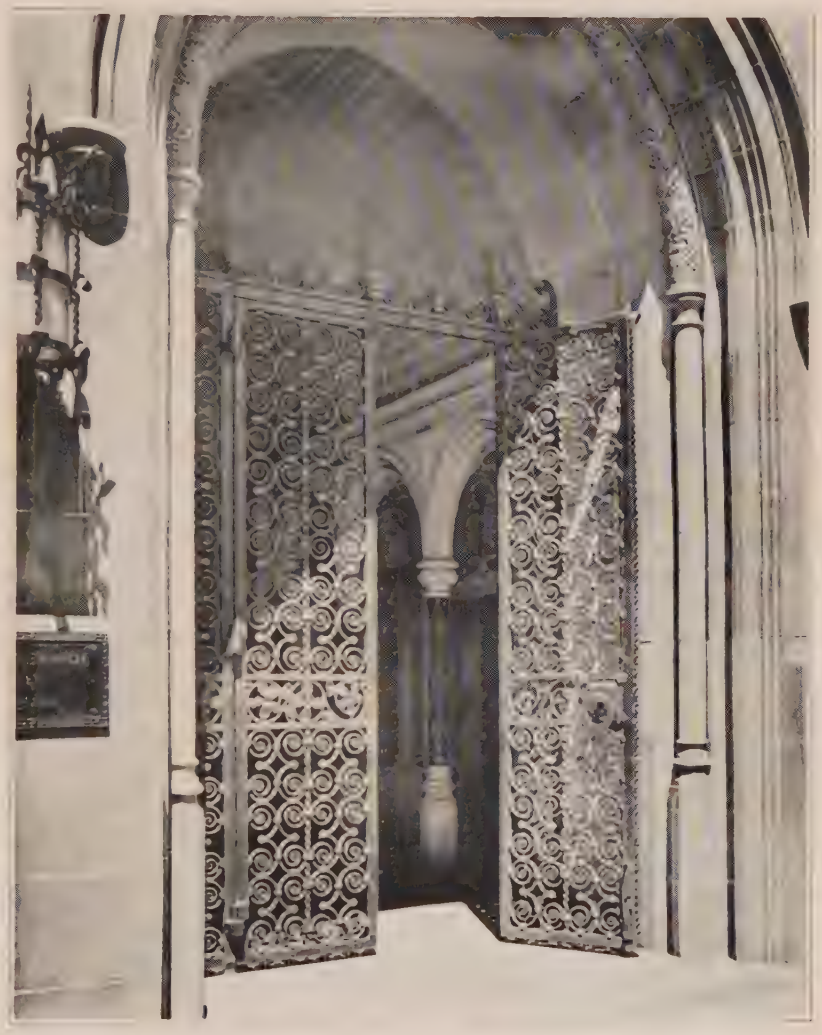
A man who could live in a community in Chicago's congested area for thirty years and get, and then keep, good aldermen in the city council is a positive force in the better civic life of a city.

Dr. Taylor was sitting with a labor group trying to arbitrate differences when one labor man brought his fist down on the table and said, "There is only one clergyman in this city who gives a damn for the laborer in Chicago. That man is sitting in this group."

This man has been a real power in the lives of his pupils, who discovered he was more interested in people and society than in the organization of lecture material. That interest in people was what made him a power in this city and state for civic honesty.

No building can contain his spirit, for Dr. Taylor led us out of walls into associations with people. His intense understanding and sympathy broke through the formalities of teacher into companionable friend which is the highest art of teaching. Therefore, this Hall must become a fitting place invested with his spirit which shall lead many of us up steep climbs until we view the universe as one, and feel its throbbing and ourselves one with it.

Can stone then be worth our thought? Can glass let through the light? Can this roof give shelter? Not worthily unless we know each stone is someone's burden lifted in tenderness, each window symbolic of the light he let into some soul upon the way of life, each rafter some protection he had given to a timid mind. Then, this Hall stands to us as a great hope for years to come where clean manhood can do time thinking and go out to live with men and make of earth, God's great Kingdom.



The wrought-iron gates of the Thorndike Hilton Chapel porch

The Clarence Sidney Funk Cloisters

Graham Taylor Hall

Grand Staircase, leading to Graham Taylor Hall and Henry M. Hooker Hall

Graham Taylor—Pioneer in Sociology

By JANE ADDAMS

IT WAS during the decade between 1880 and 1890 that the first courses in the social sciences were offered in the various American colleges and universities, although Professor Sumner, of Yale, had given a series of lectures as early as 1876. The publication of Ward's second book in 1892, *Psychic Factors in Civilization*, accelerated the process. I still recall the eager interest with which we discussed it that summer preceding the World's Fair when the spirit of enterprising youth descended upon the city and all things seemed possible!

The University of Chicago was the first to open a department of sociology, of which Dr. Albion W. Small was made head, in 1893, and in the very same month Graham Taylor was made professor of the department of sociology in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

It is curious that in the history of its development in the United States, while a great deal is said about the students of economics, politics, and history who gradually became conscious that their subjects did not include all of the field of human association and that social factors must be taken more largely into account, I have failed to find anywhere a stressing of the fact that these first three pioneers whom I have mentioned—Sumner, Small, and Taylor—had all received a theological education, as had Francis Peabody, who gave the first course in social ethics at Harvard—a course in "Drainage, Drunkenness, and Divorce," the gibing students used to call it.

But whether theologian, economist, or historian, all of these early men were moved by a common unrest as to the unconvincing method of interpreting human life. They were vaguely conscious that "linear causation" is not the main connection of human events, in fact they even then suspected what was later termed "vortex causation." It is a lovely phrase if you take time to think of it—"vortex causation."

We are not at the moment concerned as to how the other theologians were able to make the crucial synthesis between the church's obligation to the individual soul and the conception of society as the result of incessant action and reaction between the individuals within the group, and of groups upon each other; how they were able to accept an early definition of sociology as a technique for a scientific interpretation of human experience upon the basis of the group hypothesis in contrast with the individual hypothesis. How this synthesis was effected by Graham Taylor has happily been set down in his forthcoming book, of which I have been privileged to see the manuscript. He was a young clergyman in Hartford, Connecticut, preceding his call to teach in the theological seminary there, and he says:

> Our first home in Hartford, near the church, stood on the main street of the city, down from which side streets ran into the river wards that held three quarters of the city's poor and delinquent people within one quarter of its area. Our eight years' life and work there so identified us to the locality that the subsequent four years, during which we were connected with the Seminary, extended our social contacts and acquaintanceships slowly in other parts of the city.

During those Hartford days he learned to know the vagrant and the criminal as well as the respectable poor, and it is in relation to the former that he writes:

> These disclosures reinforced my religious conviction of the sanctity and worth of the

individual so that it has never faded or been forgotten in the emphasis I later learned to place upon the group and the aggregate of human beings. The person has never been to me a mere "case" or specimen of a class or exhibit in any sociological laboratory.

He had the unforgettable experience of seeing promising children neglected and destroyed, and he writes: "The nurture of child life and the protection and promotion of the welfare of childhood became both a primary and ultimate obligation." Education took on a social significance, when he learned once for all that "education is a debt, culture an obligation, which can be honestly discharged only by turning back into the common life the best results of what others have made it possible for us to acquire and to be."

Graham Taylor himself ascribes his early interest in sociology not only to the scholars and practical men to whom I have referred, but to such missionaries as Cyrus Hamlin in Turkey, introducing improved methods in agriculture; Jacob Chamberlain in his medical service in India; David Livingstone's intrepid portrayal of the evils of Africa. He was much influenced by the Indianapolis pastor McCulloch with his genealogical studies, and above all, by such men as Washington Gladden, David Allen Reed in Springfield, Francis G. Peabody of Harvard, Professor Tucker of Andover, Richard T. Ely, Mark Baldwin, Josiah Royce, and John Graham Brooks. These contemporaries were moving, as he was, toward a better methodology, toward the scientific spirit, which means "that a man is ready to let things be what they may be whether or not he wants them to be that way. It means that he has conquered his desire to have the world justify his prejudices."

During Graham Taylor's teaching at Hartford (his chair of Practical Theology included "Homiletics, Liturgics, Pedagogy, Polity, Pastoral Theology and Sociology!"), we find him desperately making out syllabi without precedent or source books and in general having all the troubles of a pioneer. A new science, working out its method, technique, and its very phraseology as it goes, is not an easy undertaking.

I will say nothing of how he came to be summoned to the Theological Seminary in Chicago, but rather speak of what he found at this end of the journey when he moved from Hartford to Chicago in 1892.

The city was still nervous from the shock of the anarchist riot and, under a suspicion that the situation had been met in a spirit of panic and had received little analysis or skilled treatment, the new Sunset Club was organized for discussion of the situation. Giant industries had been developed upon the shores of Lake Michigan without the restraint of industrial legislation, or collective bargaining, or even of adequate competition. Lusty industry had it all its own way in those days, and even the very first attempts to show up monopolies as founded upon preferential freight rates was considered at the best impertinent and at the worst subversive of the established social order.

"Muck raking" had not yet become fashionable, and the "gray wolves" in the city council openly boasted of the amount they received from the granting of franchises and ostentatiously shared the loot with their poorest constituents. The red-light district was protected by the police and was a source of unending corruption to the entire force; the saloon was the acknowledged center of political activity. Even in such state institutions as Graham Taylor had learned to work with in Hartford, political patronage was placed above the interest of the patients.

The newspapers more and more measured events not as to their real impor-

tance but as to their value as entertainment. Chicago, as other great cities, tended to dissolve almost by a chemical process the customs and beliefs which were nurtured in rural and provincial society; nowhere was this so obvious as in foreign quarters of the city where landlords of the newly arrived immigrants, often their fellow-countrymen, were concerned only with profit; the refuse was sporadically collected, if at all; the wood blocks which pave many streets were so conveniently loosened by the rain each spring that they provided fuel for many a thrifty family for the rest of the year.

On the northern edge of this widespread city there had long stood a university, and in 1892 another was opened on its southern border. In the next year was built a vision of beauty called the World's Columbian Exposition, which—at least when dissolved by moonlight—embodied the very spirit of Athens returned to earth; and at the same time on the lake front was erected the Art Institute under whose roof was held the first World's Congress of Religions. Perhaps the city itself that summer became dimly conscious that the arid wastes of human existence which it exhibited were not inevitable, and certainly men from all parts of the world bore testimony that a rising tide of religious fervor could not only make fertile such desert spots but was alone capable of carrying away the huge impedimenta which formed such inert barriers to human progress. William T. Stead said something like that in his book entitled *If Christ Came to Chicago*, and I remember the high hope animating many of us when, at his instigation—perhaps *castigation* would be the better word—the Civic Federation was started in a rousing meeting held in Central Music Hall, with an organizing committee of five—a clergyman, a saloon keeper, a business man, a trade unionist, and a woman—appointed by Stead in a desperate attempt to find moral leadership. John Burns came a little later, full of enthusiasm for the new London County Council of which he was a member and was profoundly astonished by what he found in our city council. When he hurt the feelings of Chicago by calling the city "a pocket edition of hell," he changed in deference to its boastfulness, saying that "hell was a pocket edition of Chicago," and the World's Greatest Newspaper really did like it better.

What should a man under these circumstances do, a man who was made head of a "department, the first of its kind in any seminary, Protestant, Jewish, or Catholic, to be wholly devoted to the social interpretation and application of religion"?

It was laid upon him not only to bear a man's share of study into the stupid atrocities of contemporary life, its arid wastes, its meaningless labor, its needless suffering, and its political corruption, but to make clear that if the church hoped to guide enlightened men in the complexities and contradictions of modern life, not only must the clergy receive an additional training, but the social compunctions of the laity, their search for social righteousness, their desire for more order in the welter of human relationships, even their scruples and self-distrust, must be formulated and utilized.

How Graham Taylor to the measure of his ability met this difficult situation it is impossible to make clear in a short review, but I will ask you to recall with me his leadership of various groups and his constructive effort in many directions.

Very early he founded Chicago Commons, located in a river ward in a rambling old house that some of us still remember. It was not altogether easy for a man of his background, with a family of growing children, to take this step. One

of the first things he did was to try to relieve the "suppressed desires" of the radicals in the city by giving them an opportunity to debate upon a free floor. No one can be really useful in the long and delicate task of social amelioration unless he knows the changes being urged by various bodies of people for a world which they honestly believe to be upon the brink of destruction. Dr. Taylor judged them generously throughout the years, not as disturbers of the peace but as men who like himself were concerned that a knowledge of economic forces should be intelligently applied to the problems of society. His patience with those driven to rebellion never failed, even when the newspapers unintelligently insisted that because Settlements promoted free discussion they therefore indorsed what everybody said, and we were often called anarchists and socialists in the same paragraph.

In one sense it was easier to be patient with the radicals than to prove our own thesis that the processes of social amelioration are of necessity the results of gradual modification. It required an unfaltering courage to act year after year upon a belief that the hoary abominations of society can only be done away with through the "steady effort of accumulating facts and of exalting the human will." It required loving kindness as well as training to make clear to young people that because each one of us can do so little in the great task of regenerating society, it is therefore more necessary that each should dedicate his powers and add his individual will to the undertaking.

For several years so many young college women and men met with him at Chicago Commons for conference that he finally started lay classes, as it were, in social service. He saw the necessity for trained workers in every field of social endeavor, for the need of careful volunteer groups who must experiment and make good before the state can either realize the situation or attempt a remedy. These classes finally resulted in the establishment of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, with which Julia Lathrop, of Hull-House, was connected from its beginning. It had two homes on Michigan Avenue and grew apace as courses were added. It was finally taken over by the University of Chicago as the Graduate School of Social Service Administration. The recreational department, however, was carried on independently for years as the Chicago School of Recreation and was recently taken over by Northwestern University. The students in this school as well as those in the Theological Seminary, had access to the materials gathered together in the world's first Juvenile Court, established in Chicago twenty-seven years ago, and in the first psychopathic clinic, established ten years later, leading to scientific investigation into the sources of human behavior, which has since been so largely developed. Long before anyone was called a psychiatric social worker these students were carefully studying Dr. Healy's investigation into the mental processes of the delinquent.

Very early Chicago Commons had published a settlement monthly *The Commons*, on which John Palmer Gavit and Graham Romeyn Taylor were successively associated with the founder as editors. It united with *Charities* in New York and has finally evolved into *The Survey*. It not only has become a trade journal for social workers, but is most valuable in inciting, interpreting, and merging efforts for social reform into the larger trend of American life. One of the early undertakings of the combined journal was a careful but withal dramatic survey of the economic and civic conditions in the city of Pittsburgh, followed by investigations

in other communities. These aroused a veritable conviction of sin for industrial accidents, for unsanitary housing, and for high infant death-rate.

Dr. Taylor, however, was convinced that no regeneration could follow unless the spiritual forces of a community were stirred to meet the situation. All over the land he constantly preached the "Christianizing of the Social Order," from orthodox pulpits, at universities and colleges, in Y.M.C.A. auditoriums, and in summer schools. That he should have written his first formal book, *Religion in Social Action*, was a natural outcome of his attempt to connect religious enthusiasm with civic and economic needs.

Before we leave the subject of the Graduate School or of *The Survey*, may we not say that it is given to very few of us to see the patient beginnings of a personal undertaking caught up by other hands and carried forward during the quarter of a century into well-established and highly useful social institutions. Does not this very success, as well as this building itself, show that Dr. Taylor's social experiments, in the words of Professor James, "were true," because "assimilated, validated, and verified in experience."

During all these years Dr. Taylor was making personal investigation into prisons and jails, dealing with vagrants and criminals. He was eagerly invited to become a member of various public and quasi-public commissions whose findings have changed public opinion and have resulted in remedial legislation. He was a member of the well-known Chicago Vice Commission, which although it made a large number of immediate recommendations, clearly stated the final goal to be the abolition of commercialized vice. Perhaps no one on the commission more clearly than Dr. Taylor realized the grave danger implicit in civic conditions where concealment is so easy because of the withdrawal of social control which is almost automatic in a smaller community. He believed that the situation led to the road to destruction if at the same time the inner restraints of religion are made less compelling. His long familiarity with men who were down and out enabled him to give advice of great practical value to their institutional care in the founding of the first municipal lodging house in Chicago, of which Raymond Robins took charge while a resident of Chicago Commons, and in the establishment of the Morals Court.

It was quite natural that Dr. Taylor should have been elected president of the national body of social workers when it was still called the National Conference of Charities and Correction. As we met from year to year in annual conference we tended more and more to discuss the economic conditions underlying the low standards of living, the overwork, the poverty and disease, which we were seeking to ameliorate. Dr. Taylor had never shirked the relation between unregulated industry and poverty. He had been associated with Professor Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, on the Illinois State Commission which secured effective legislation to protect the workers from dangerous machinery and unsanitary conditions. He had brought to this a long experience in the affairs of labor from the Pullman strike in 1893 to the peace pact years later in the wholesale garment trade, which his friend James Mullenbach has done so much to perpetuate. He had had experience with trade unions, with employers' associations, and had more than once represented the vanishing public in arbitrating strikes. While serving on the Illinois Mining Investigation Commission he had personally witnessed the tragedy and heroism at the Cherry Mine disaster. Through his close relation with his neighbors at Chicago Commons he had

seen the unfair discrimination too often made against aliens in industrial as well as in civic affairs. His inter-racial relations extended from foreign-born students in the Theological Seminary, to his immediate neighborhood where he had a unique opportunity for seeing successive racial transitions. He himself highly prizes his experience with twelve thousand men of eighteen national origins who were registered under his supervision for selective service during the World War. How many broken hopes were confided to him by men who left the old country hoping to avoid compulsory military service in wars they could not understand, he has never told me.

His distinctly civic service, if one may divide it from other services, has been extended and varied. Almost from the beginning he was a member of the Municipal Voters' League in the stirring days of such founders as William Kent and George Cole. The Men's Club of the Commons organized the 17th Ward so successfully that William E. Dever was long ago elected an alderman and judge. He was not only an honest man, but such an able one that he afterward became one of the best mayors Chicago has been able to produce during these later years.

It was through co-operation with his friend Victor F. Lawson that Dr. Taylor has been able for many years to express in a column of the *Daily News* every Saturday night the things which seemed to him most important for the enlightenment of Chicago citizens. An astonishing number of people cherish this regular communication with a man whom they profoundly admire and devotedly follow. One of the central difficulties of politics is that ideas change less rapidly than events, with the result that much political thought is always out of date and inappropriate to changed conditions. The constructive politician's most important duty perhaps is the adjustment of the popular mind to changing institutions, the necessity of enabling the average citizen to escape from the deadening effect of the conventional phrases with which he is fed. It is impossible to estimate how much Graham Taylor has done in this direction with his fresh approach, his touch with reality, his belief that the will to act may be aroused by an appeal to the nobler nature even of the voter. His personal attitude toward this multitude of readers has been, if I may be permitted to formulate it, a little like that of the good country pastor toward the flock, which is on the whole well meaning and humbly anxious to be good but occasionally needs exhortation.

This Theological Seminary whose buildings we are dedicating today and the great school at Union Seminary, New York, are making their contributions not only to the development of theological education but to sociology as well. The case method of study which you have adopted here, as the Harvard Law School pioneered it long ago; the courses by James Mullenbach who comes directly from the problems of industry, as Mr. Boisen comes every year from the State Hospital at Worcester, dealing directly with the problems of personality; the social ethics so brilliantly taught by Dr. Holt and by his recent investigation into the consciences of the farmers in McHenry County—these and many other achievements could be pointed out as the beginnings, if you choose to use the name, of this religio-social group, adding more to the bewildering array of sociological variants. How many we shall have before the philosopher is born and who shall make for us a satisfactory synthesis I do not know, although I predict that even then, that protecting himself as best he may by philosophic calm, he will have to take his stand in the very center of "vortex causation."

Response

By GRAHAM TAYLOR

IN LEADING the way for the admission of the new sociological studies to equal status with those entrenched for centuries in the old theological curriculum, the faculty and directors of this seminary were foremost at least in discerning the signs of the times. Noteworthy is the fact that its two professors whose departments reached farthest back had the vision to look farthest ahead in this direction. It was Samuel Ives Curtiss, professor of Semitics and archeology, and Hugh MacDonald Scott, professor of ecclesiastical history, who bid for the directors' admission of this newest teaching, and who bade me away from my deep rootage in Hartford Seminary and my Fourth Church city-center parish. Deeply gratifying to me is the unveiling of the tablets, memorializing their leadership and distinctive services in this seminary and city. Without such recognition of what they were and what they did in making all this greater development possible, the dedication of this hall would have lacked the veracity of history and the sincerity of prophecy.

That my tentative teaching came through to any permanent status is due, I am keenly aware, to the patient forebearance and steadfast fellowship of my colleagues in the old faculty. Their faith and fears must have been most severely tested by my contacts and conflicts. These were as strange to the Schools of the Prophets as they were suspicious to the dominant and domineering class, whose spokesmen in this city's newspapers, long since happily deceased, did not hesitate to threaten the Seminary's financial ruin if it harbored the teaching of sociology, which was denounced not only as identical with socialism, but as tributary to crime! Notwithstanding, never did either faculty or directors in any way restrict my freedom to teach and to act, or withhold their always affectionately loyal fellowship through the many years when I personally, as well as my classroom and my field work at Chicago Commons, were under fierce fire. Their successors, heirs of these piping times of peace, have shared a youth as green and perennial as I feel my own growth to be. In the flaming of their youthful ardor I have never once been scorched by the compliments they paid the present at the expense of the past. What more could I say for them?

And what shall I say of my students, those patient sheep bleating in the city wilderness outside the theological fold? If they did not timidly follow, they let themselves be driven, whither they knew not, and doubted whether I knew. But here in this building, they speak for themselves, having made the initial contribution for its erection from their scant salaries, in token that their experience on their fields attested the teaching to have been worth while after all. In the book of their greetings, presented to me when the cornerstone was laid, they speak to me as though I were one of them, with whom they could laugh or pray, as I always felt myself to be.

Untrue would I be if I failed to pay tribute to the authors and the exemplars who prompted my initiative and guided my development. Gratitude impels me to do so first of all to the memory of Dr. Chester D. Hartranft, pastor of my student years and later president of Hartford Seminary, to whom a memorial tablet has just been unveiled there in the building that bears his name. As my former student, Ozora S. Davis, now the venerated president of this seminary, has reason to

know, both I and he himself, owe more than words can tell to him whose name was inscribed upon our hearts long before it was upon that tablet, as "scholar, teacher, leader, and counselor, in vision a seer, in sympathy a father, in self-forgetfulness a saint, a prince in the realm of truth and light."

To authors who attracted or repelled, helped or hindered, I owe some caution and more incentive. And they range all the way from William G. Sumner, of Yale, back to Herbert Spencer and August Comte and forward to Lester F. Ward, Franklin H. Giddings, Albion W. Small, and Charles R. Henderson, who always addressed me as what he always was to me, "my dear colleague." To the men and women exemplars, whose written and spoken words guided me, whose achievements and personalities inspired me, I owe still more. From Thomas Chalmers, Charles Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice, and John Ruskin, away back to Thomas More of Utopia, to Francis of Assisi, to the Seer of Patmos, and beyond and above them all, to Jesus of Nazareth, my spiritual and social heritage traces its descent.

Closer still was I drawn to those fellow-adventurers in teaching and practicing, the charm of whose fellowship hovers over the past and surcharges the present with the incentives of precious memories, living hopes, and lingering comradeships. Three of them stand apart from all who followed. Francis Greenwood Peabody, the first to lecture on social ethics at Harvard—a topic then so strange to the academic curriculum that it was burlesqued as a course on "Drainage and Divorce." Author of many volumes inspiring an understanding of the social meaning of Jesus and his teachings, he is most of all to me an affectionate friend. John Graham Brooks, knight errant of social justice, early in the lists of the industrial arena, whose ethical insight, fair judgment, and undaunted courage led and reinforced us all who dared follow where he led, and whose comradeship with those who shared with him the struggle gave us courage in standing against odds, and cheer when we felt all alone. Father in God to me was Washington Gladden as he ministered the social gospel from the pulpit, in the press, through his books, by his citizenship, and most of all in the intimacies of his correspondence and the endearments of his friendship.

How could my heart fail to burn within as he walked and talked with me by the way? How could I falter in trying to keep step with him as from the thick of the fight his unfaltering tones rang forth in his Ultima Veritas:

> In the darkest night of the year,
> When the stars have all gone out.
> I know that courage is better than fear,
> That faith is truer than doubt;
>
> And fierce though the fiends may fight,
> And long though the angels hide,
> I know that Truth and Right
> Have the universe on their side.

How could one refrain from being drawn to join in his wayside prayer song:

> O Master let me walk with thee,
> In lowly paths of service free.

To have been at all with Walter Rauschenbush was to catch the glow of the light and the heart-warmth of the heat which radiated from him while he was musing. For then the fire burned as he spoke or wrote. Lonelier because of his deafness, which as he wrote to me, "so completely shuts me out from the field of action that I am glad to be of any service to those who are on it," he suffered the heartbreak under which his brave spirit sank, when isolated from his local surroundings by the passions of the great World War, he felt bereft of fellowships

that were dearer than life but claimed of him less allegiance than his loyalty to what he thought was right.

Among all the exemplars of that social expression of spiritual ideals and motives, which I tried to make my own and inspire my students to attain, none embodied it quite so fully as she who has just let us know what one pioneer thinks of some others. Her presence would inhibit what I cannot refrain from saying on this occasion, were it not that I have the rare opportunity of making some rejoinder to what she has ventured to say in my presence. Nothing and no one in all Chicago impressed me so deeply on my arrival as Jane Addams herself, living so simply, in natural, neighborly, human relations with her cosmopolitan neighbors, and exerting far-flung influences over the more privileged classes. When I was a stranger she took me in, stranger though I was to her except in the fellowship of our kindred faith. And I have never since gone out beyond the reach of her friendly counsel, or beyond the range of her varied experience and world-wide sympathies. Where she lived was the House of the Interpreter. So to Hull-House I frequently went to see, to listen, and to learn from one whose interpretative personality was to be seen understandingly mediating between class and class, richer and poorer, the possessors and recipients of culture, the suburb and the city center, and most of all between the foreign- and native-born.

To her example is largely due the founding of Chicago Commons and my family residence in its household. She wisely guided both our hopes and our fears. Her brooding like a mother over the homes and the homeless all about her demonstrated what the motherhood in our own home might be and do within the settlement household and throughout the neighborhood. Throughout all these thirty-four years she has guided the development of Chicago Commons as one of its trustees, and still more helpfully as the comrade of those of us who have led it.

In this Seminary's social progress she has been as much interested and as helpful to me. From the start until now none has been more intelligently sympathetic than she with the hope of making the social and spiritual ideals and resources tributary to each other in my teaching and practice. None has been so suggestive and practically helpful in the whole endeavor to initiate and carry them out. So to her I owe more than to any other comrade, a deeper insight and a closer grip upon life and the vision of a world grown greater yet nearer, more human yet more divine since I have shared her understanding of it. But I am only one of so very many to whom she has been what Professor Charles E. Merriam described her to be: "A great professor without a university chair, a great statesman without a portfolio, a guiding woman in a man-made world, a brooding spirit of the mother hovering with gentle sympathy over the troubled sea of poverty, of weakness, of arrogance, of pride, of hate, of force."

There are two circles within which I may not enter as far as my gratitude would lead me, because their relationships have been so personal. They are the circles of the Chicago Commons household and of my own family which has ever been at home there. For these thirty-four years there have gathered around me and mine in never failing succession, a rare household of young men and women, numbering from the original twelve to the present thirty-six residents, coming from whither I never know, and going after varying terms of service, six hundred or more of them, all over the land and to many foreign fields. Neither my teaching nor my personal influence could have

been whatever they have been without them. For they made Chicago Commons what it has been all these years—a group of socially minded people living as neighbors with all surrounding them, to serve the neighborhood and the city in ministries of understanding, interpretation, mediation, and helpfulness. Without this household my classroom would have been more academic than practical, more theoretical than exemplary, more in second-hand touch with literary sources than in direct contacts with life at first hand, more stereotyped than original or progressive. I doubt whether this occasion would or could have been without the sacrificial service so generously and joyously volunteered by my fellow-resident workers who have come and gone, and are still coming and staying.

We who have lived there owe so much to the spirit that has ever pervaded our group, which has always included those of different heritages of race and faith—Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant—so that we never think of who of us gives more than he or she takes. Nor do we think of what we may be or give to our neighbors, as more or less than what they are to us or what we receive from them. But they and we have learned what I have taught, that there is a kinship of spirit which unites those who serve each other across all barriers of race or class or creed, a human bond that is deeper than the accidental, circumstantial conditions that divide. We have taken our marching orders to be: Manward to God, Godward to Man. Chicago Commons has been my watch tower where I have asked, "What of the night?" And ever have I caught from its horizon the response: "The Morning Cometh."

Coincidental with this commemoration of the permanent establishment of the Department of Social Ethics are the provisions which assure the perpetuity and progress of Chicago Commons in its city-wide field and of the educational units to which it gave initiative—the School of Civics and Philanthropy having become the Graduate School of Social Service Administration in the University of Chicago, and the Recreational Training School having been taken over by Northwestern University under its Sociological Department.

Chicago Commons has been a family achievement, in so far as it cannot be wholly accounted for without what our family has been and done there with others in the larger household and neighborhood. To the strong, gentle, and selfless influence of the mother through the first twenty-four hardest years of exacting service, and to that successively rendered by our son and daughters, is due what neither I nor the other resident workers could have accomplished without them. Whatever we may have given, each one of my family is grateful to have received the larger share of the race life in return. Not one of us would reclaim anything of self or substance, of life or livelihood, which we have been privileged to invest in a service so human.

What of the future? For the assurance that the foundation is secure I look no farther than to him and his work who is designing and rearing the superstructure. If anything were needed to ratify the wisdom of making Arthur E. Holt our first and only choice for the succession, it has already been registered by the enthusiasm of the students and the men on the field in co-operating to make his class and field-work studies a unique success; by the recognition the University has given him in adopting him as Professor of Social Ethics in the Divinity School; and by the demand and the appreciation of the churches for the investigational and constructive achievements of his department.

Therefore all there is in the past to humble pride and inspire hope begets unbounded confidence that by far the best is yet to be. For, what we work for here is sure to win its world-wide way—the good will to understand one another, to interpret misunderstood attitudes and situations, to reconcile and be reconciled to differences of taste and temperament, race and religion, heritage and aspiration, and, through service and sacrifice, to promote the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

The Kingdom comes and is yet to come.

Building on Strong Foundations

By ARTHUR E. HOLT

IT IS in harmony with the generous policy ever pursued by Dr. Taylor toward his successor that he has requested that I have a place on this program. No one could have been more generous than he and I wish now to say publicly what I have often said privately that he has never missed an occasion to make my work effective and my way easy. If an honest ancestor is one of the noblest works of posterity I think an unembarrassed successor should be catalogued as the crowning achievement of a great leader.

Doubtless there is a second and perfectly valid reason for my appearance on this program. It is the desire that those of us who now hold the responsibilities once held by Graham Taylor and Charles Henderson should give an account of our stewardship. It would be futile for us to deny that we have a duty to make of Graham Taylor Hall a place where the activities of a noble social tradition shall find adequate and fitting expression. You have a right to ask this of us and if we cannot deliver at this point we are not worthy of the succession.

We are proud and happy for the "Foundations" on which we have the privilege of building. When Dr. Taylor established Chicago Commons as a part of the teaching process of Chicago Theological Seminary, he made it unnecessary to seek other foundations for the building of a great department of social ethics or of the sociology of religion. When he pioneered into the heart of Chicago's tumultuous cosmopolitan multitudes he laid for us a threefold foundation: it was a venture in a way of teaching; it was a venture in a way of living; and it was a venture in a way of believing.

On this triple foundation those associated with me propose to build. We accept with gratitude the tradition and our fondest hope is to perfect it in terms of the present.

First of all we accept Dr. Taylor's example as normative for our way of teaching. He proposed to bring his students into first-hand contact with the original documents of human nature. These documents were not found on library shelves but in the lives of the men and women who were gathering at this point of maximum contact with the resources of the Mississippi Valley. The scholarly world of religion has had during the last decade two master-enthusiasms; in both of them Chicago Seminary has had a part and in one of them a leading part. The first enthusiasm was a search for truth in the historical records and was known as historical research. This enthusiasm sent men to the original literary

documents. . . . . The other enthusiasm was like unto this first passion but different. With an ever increasing regard for method, those who had a sense of the immediacy of religious problems have sought to know by first-hand contacts the life of the present. We who are proud to recognize Dr. Taylor as a pioneer in this have pledged ourselves to carry on. As President Mason of the University of Chicago has said of other graduate departments, "We propose to introduce students to the fascinating experience of being explorers." We believe that there is no other way to secure the attention of the best minds among young university men; we believe there is no other way to have authority in our teaching; we believe there is no other way to live self-respecting lives on a university campus and furthermore we dare to boast of some slight achievement in this adventure.

We are seeking first-hand contacts with the world of agriculture. This is represented by the work of Mr. Hutchinson, who is keeping us in touch with the town and country churches of the seventy-five mile area about Chicago. In an unusual way we have here the chance to study the rural-urban conflict. We are keeping in touch with the city through the work of Mr. Kincheloe in the study made possible by the City Missionary and Extension Society. We are fortunate indeed in having on our teaching staff that veteran of every front-line social conflict in Chicago, Mr. James Mullenbach, who with skilled insight is introducing our students to that clashing world of conflict which surrounds modern industry and who has himself been a participant observer in a constructive experiment of great interest. Last of all we are proud of a man, who in the field of religion and social pathology is doing a work of such importance that one of the leading men in the sociology department in the University said, "Mr. Boisen is doing a work of such enormous importance that I wonder if he, himself, understands how important it is."

All of these men are bringing material with them from the world of life and are taking the students back with them into life. Sometimes when I hear the fathers tell of what they suffered for the gospel and hear their expression of fears about the present generation, I feel as though I ought to boast of what our students are doing. I could tell you of one student who is spending his summer doing manual labor in the steel mills of South Chicago that he may know the mind of the new laborers who will bring with them the new churches of Chicago's future. I could tell you of students taking up their residence not only in settlement houses, but in those houses where men and women live on the lowest of human levels. Living there not for the sake of idle curiosity but that they might know the problems with which our respectable churches must deal if they are to be the followers of Him who passed with redemptive touch across the pages of the New Testament. I dare to place by the side of those who did frontier missionary service in the last generation students who at a smaller salary are willing to take their places as attendants and chaplains in the most troubled wards of a modern jail or mental hospital, all for the sake of gaining new insight into that ancient experience we call consciousness of guilt and forgiveness of sin. No searchers of historical records ever pursued their work with more fidelity than these students who are trying to know Chicago's life at first hand.

In the second place, we accept Dr. Taylor's example as normative for a way of living. We frankly affirm that as a department we are committed to action and a Christian way of action. Knowledge of social facts brings with it a moral obliga-

tion. The adequate discovery and description of social conditions is an ideal but not a major ideal in this department. By our tradition we are committed to follow into action the logic of social data. We not only must act on the basis of the facts we do know but we frankly confess that we must often act on the basis of a great deal we do not know. It is true that religion comes in at that point where what a man does depends not only on what he knows but on what he dares, but we believe that action becomes also a way of knowing. "Do the will and ye shall know the doctrine" has a wider application than we have sometimes given it. Dr. Richard Cabot has recently raised the question as to whether it is the "business of a department of ethics to try to make its students better men and women or is it to confine itself to an objective description of ethical theory." I suppose we could amplify the question and ask, "Is it the business of a department of social ethics to be interested in social reform?" Not only do I think we must answer this in the affirmative but I am willing to go farther and say that a purely objective attitude toward social facts brings with it a certain corruption of character and sterility of mind which is fatal to the development of character. When social facts are looked upon as carrying no implication for action there is liable to take place a corruption of all the finer sensibilities and an ultimate loss of even the power to know. One of the most distressing sins of a university campus is a widespread tendency on the part of students to believe that the great truths of history for which men have given their lives may be recorded, classified, and analyzed but carry no obligation for action. On the university campus today this is nothing short of a major evil in both morals and religion. Not only do we recognize that we are under obligation to act on the basis of our social knowledge but we believe we are obligated to act in a Christian way and here again we recognize the commitment of our traditions. Reform easily becomes intolerant. A chaplain in the late war once said to me, "There are three ways of treating a man who disagrees with you: you can fight him, you can agree with him, or you take your place beside him and stay with him until through redemptive fellowship you find a solution which harmonizes your point of view and his." Chicago Commons was an adventure in reform through fellowship. We hope that the going out of our students into Chicago communities may be no mere income-seeking venture but that it may be a true venture in redemptive fellowship which will bridge chasms and heal wounds. An important staff member of the *Daily News* once told my class that constant contacts with the tragedy and evil of Chicago's life either made one blasé or it made one psychopathic. By a noble tradition and for the sake of our own souls we are committed to action.

Finally I believe Dr. Taylor has committed us to a way of believing. Deep into the life of Chicago he thrust his life. It has borne him up; it has not suffered his foot to fall; it has set his feet in a large place. He has demonstrated that the social process is the expression of God and is worthy of trust, and I see in this a much-needed truth for religion.

Bertrand Russell made what seemed to me a very profound observation about the difficulty in which religion finds itself at present. He said that formerly man felt himself dependent on the God revealed in the natural order. When he prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread," he thought of climate, soil, and the hazards which surround the production of the wheat and the corn. Under these conditions it was not impossible to think himself dependent on God, but when your modern man prays, "Give us

this day our daily bread," he is more liable to think of railroad rates, labor unions, millers'-trust, boards of trade, and the grocery man, and his sense of dependence is entirely upon man and there is little desire to cry unto God or to give gratitude to God when the daily bread is abundant. Now we have need of men whose lives convince us that the social process is the life of God as much as the life revealed in the snow and the rain. We have spent a great deal of our time arguing whether Christianity holds the key to the control of physical nature. We have debated whether Jesus walked on the water, stilled the tempest, turned water into wine, opened the eyes of the blind and made the lame to walk and all of this belongs to the era when man's gratitude to God for daily bread included God's favorable control of climate and other features of the natural order, but these questions have gone into the background for the modern man. He wants to know whether Christianity holds the key to the control of the social order. Can the Christian spirit arouse in men capacity for great action, can it temper the storms of hate and mob violence, can it remove mountains of prejudice, can it control labor unions and chambers of commerce, can it cure the soul of a social outcast, can we still pray—"Give us this day our daily bread" and think of a favorable natural order and a favorable social order which has subordinated self-seeking to service and made possible that millions of men shall eat their daily bread in peace and gratitude. This faith I believe is an essential part of a modern man's belief; without this he will not even believe in a God of the natural order. If he can have this he will be able once more to be grateful to God for his daily bread. It is at this point that the vicarious adventures of some men lay the basis for the faith of other men. The most sobering fact I know is that men are not going to believe in God unless they see him in the social process and God doesn't get into the social process unless men take Him there. Such adventures then, as Dr. Taylor made, become not only an expression of a way of believing but they become the basis of a way of believing.

Presentation of Portrait of Graham Taylor

By LEA DEMAREST TAYLOR

AS A family, we greatly appreciate the opportunity of presenting this portrait of our father to Chicago Seminary on this commemorative occasion.

We hope it may carry on and out into the future something of what we know of him in the home and on the field of action.

The artist, Mr. Remisoff, faced a difficult task in trying to record in one portrait the likeness of one whose interests have been as varied as life itself, whose expression has always been vivid with interest, insight, humor, and understanding.

It has been possible to catch one phase and hold it, and this he has done.

Into the background has been sketched the spire of the country church of the old Holland Dutch community at Hopewell in the Hudson River Valley. There father's life-work began and carried on for seven years, during which he gained a human understanding of life-problems which laid the foundation of his later work.

In the parsonage of that community, our family life had its start.

In the opposite corner of the canvas, is

pictured the doorway of Chicago Commons, located in the heart of one of Chicago's most densely crowded cosmopolitan family neighborhoods.

Here for thirty-four years we have had our family home with the resident household.

Across its worn threshold have come hundreds of people of all nationalities, sharing their experiences, bringing much of enrichment, and seeking understanding, interpretation, education, and inspiration.

Human fellowship and the will to understand have been the basis of the unity of purpose that has characterized the span of life which started in the country parish, carried over into the complex problems of city life, and out into the field of education for service.

The beauty and stability of this building typify in concrete form something of what may have been built into lives which have gained inspiration along this road, and are now carrying on in so many walks of life.

As a family we have shared intimately in these experiences, and have been greatly enriched by them.

We hope this portrait may symbolize to others something of what it means to us.

The Service of Dedication

To the name and honor of a minister and teacher who has kept the faith that the love of God is great enough to include every human need, and that mankind is a universal brotherhood—

We dedicate Graham Taylor Hall

To the administration of business in the spirit of happy service, generous sympathy, and loyalty to justice and fairness, a practical adventure with the law of love and the golden rule of Jesus—

We dedicate Graham Taylor Hall

To the "dear love of comrades" and "the hope of the beloved community," as a place for the assembling of brethren, the discussion of all human interests, the shaping of programs, and the inspiration of personal service for the common good—

We dedicate Graham Taylor Hall

As a place where art and religion shall find new forms to express their unity and ministry to the whole life of man through beauty made manifest in form and color, through music and drama, and through the spoken words of instruction and fellowship—

We dedicate Graham Taylor Hall

As a house of worship, where reverence shall reach up confident hands to find the Father who never is far away, and where the symbols of the prophetic passion and the apostolic ministry shall confront successive generations of expectant disciples—

We dedicate Graham Taylor Hall.

Wyllys Warner Baird

ON JUNE 16, 1928, in his sixty-ninth year, Mr. Wyllys W. Baird died at his home in Chicago. For twenty-five years he had been the treasurer of the Chicago Theological Seminary. In assuming this responsible relationship, Mr. Baird continued the interest of his father and mother who were prominent in the life of the Congregational churches and strong friends of the Seminary. Mr. Baird gave service unselfishly and even to his own physical disadvantage in the philanthropic and civic life of Chicago. He was one of the most honored and effective presidents of the Union League Club, serving during the period when its building operations were being carried through. His keen interest in the boys of Chicago naturally led him to bear a large part in the founding and sustaining of the Boys' Clubs, supported by the Union League Club. He served with great effectiveness as chairman of the Chicago Committee on Near East Relief, to which he gave much time and strength.

In the Wellington Avenue Church, and its predecessors, Mr. Baird served for forty years as Sunday-school superintendent. The Seminary, however, always claimed his major interest. Many of his closest friends were on the Board of Directors and for some years he shared with Mr. Clarence S. Funk his summer vacation, fishing and camping. Mr. Baird's name always will be held in high honor among those who have given largely to the work of the Seminary and have shared its success by their unselfish service.